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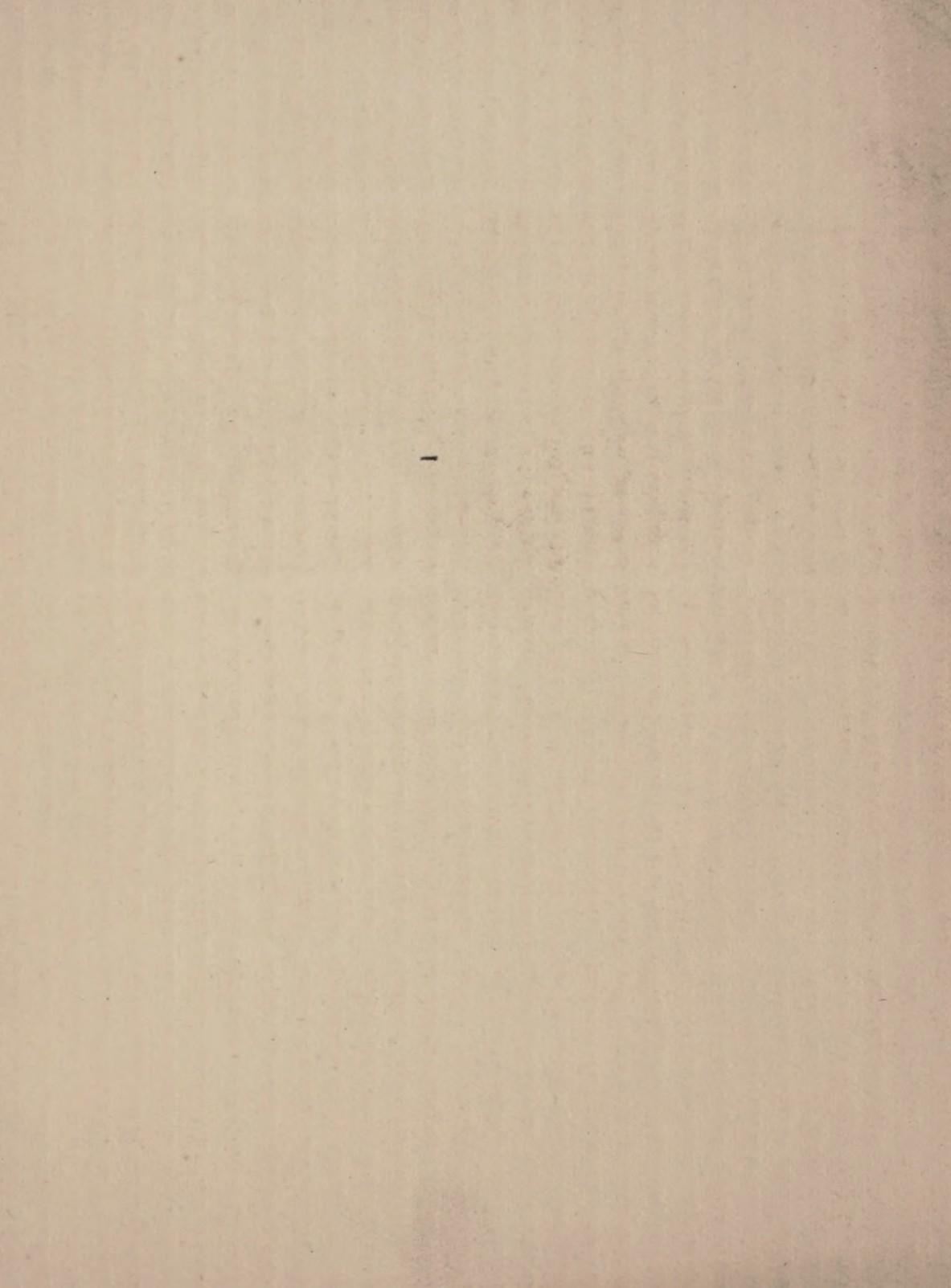
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# Christmas Fairy.

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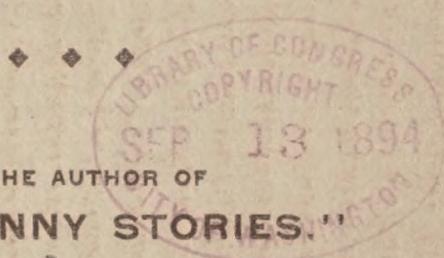
BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE BUNNY STORIES."







# Tiny's . . . . Christmas Fairy.



BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE BUNNY STORIES."

Peter Howard      37402-Z  
Sweet      ...  
"      ...

A. W. CARTER, NEWTONVILLE, MASS.:

1895

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(1894)

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*A story of glad, Christmas giving,  
Of Santa's new team of white doves;  
A Fairy-child's visit to Tiny,  
And—something that all the world loves !*



## TINY'S CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

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THIS dear little girl had been waiting  
For Christmas, the longest long time,  
For good Santa Claus, and the gladness  
That comes when the Christmas bells chime.  
And over and over she counted  
The days, as the season drew near,  
Till only another to-morrow,—  
Then Christmas would surely be here.

Her own little stocking was ready  
To hang up where Santa could see,  
And a very large calico stocking  
To hang on her home-Christmas tree.  
For Tiny's young life had been favored  
With blessings and bounties untold,  
And Santa Claus always had brought her  
Far more than one stocking could hold.

“ Day after to-morrow is Christmas,  
And then, oh, how glad I shall be ! ”  
Said Tiny that evening at bed-time,  
Her heart overflowing with glee.  
Alone in her own cozy chamber,  
When softly her prayers she had said,  
She wondered if Santa Claus really  
Would come with his reindeers and sled.

When, suddenly breaking the silence,  
A musical tinkling drew nigh,  
And then a most wonderful vision  
Which seemed to come down from the sky.  
She saw as it slowly came nearer,  
With only the moonlight between,  
A score of white doves, that were drawing  
The loveliest sleigh ever seen.

Of pearl-tinted shell it was fashioned,  
With fluted and wide spreading sides,  
Like those she had seen, only larger,  
Left high on the beach by the tides.  
It floated in air like a snow-flake,  
And seated within was a child  
As lovely and fair as an angel,  
Who peeped in at Tiny and smiled.

In front perched a strange little driver  
Fur-robed like a young Santa Claus,  
Who guided the doves to her window  
And seemed for a moment to pause.  
The eyes of the driver were twinkling  
Like stars, in his bright cheery face,  
As he smilingly turned to the fairy  
And softly said: "This is the place!"

Then instantly there, close beside her,  
The beautiful fairy-child came,  
And graciously bending above her  
He tenderly whispered her name.  
A voice like an echo of music  
Was saying: "Dear child, do not fear,  
We come with a message of Christmas,  
An errand of love and good cheer.

“My dear, trusty messenger Santa,  
Who often has been here before,  
Has whispered to me of your play-room  
And of all its bountiful store  
Of picture-books, dollies and playthings,  
And every new kind of a game;—  
Day after to-morrow is Christmas,  
Perhaps you can guess why we came? ”

Our Tiny's blue eyes fairly sparkled  
With joy, as she sat up in bed,  
And roguishly peeped through the window  
Where Santa was waiting, and said :  
"I guess you are having a sleigh-ride  
To find out the places to leave  
The great loads of beautiful presents  
That Santa Claus brings Christmas-eve."

The fairy-child smiled as he answered:  
“ You are right; we are trying to find  
How many sad hearts we can gladden  
With gifts from glad hearts that are kind.  
For Santa Claus loves all the children  
And knows where the friendless ones live;  
To-night we have come for their presents,—  
Please tell me what you wish to give?”

“To give?” questioned Tiny, astonished,  
“I thought Santa Claus always gave!”  
And slowly her roguish smile faded,  
Her merry blue eyes became grave.  
A moment of silence and blushes;  
Then Tiny was out on the floor  
And clasping the hand of the fairy  
She joyfully opened the door

That led to her own little play-room,  
And choosing the prettiest there,—  
“Take these,” she exclaimed, “and tell Santa  
I have many more here, I can spare,  
To help you to fill up the stockings  
Of those who are friendless and sad;  
For these will be better than nothing—  
And I shall be glad they are glad.

“I’ll only keep Margaret Dolly,  
The one I have always loved best,  
My own dear mamma made her wardrobe;—  
But Santa can take all the rest.  
For I shall have more after Christmas  
And mine will be all fresh and new;—  
I hope there’ll be no empty stockings,  
And wish I had more to give you.”

“God bless you!” the fairy-child whispered,  
“‘Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,’  
The spirit of Christmas is *giving*  
As freely as you have been given.  
Farewell, little friend of the friendless;  
In gladness your Christmas shall dawn :”—  
A kiss on her forehead awoke her,—  
The beautiful fairy was gone.

Once more, wide awake, Tiny listened,  
Alone where the pale moonlight gleamed,  
And wondered if all the bright vision  
Was only a dream she had dreamed.  
Whatever it was, little Tiny  
Was glad she had something to give  
To help fill the poor empty stockings  
In homes where the friendless ones live !

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.









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